THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

THE WAR-STEED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

Couser of the blood stained field,
Where life contended with death's shield;
Where bright hosts, in proud array,
Swept as by the autumn's breath,
Rallied in darkness, passed away,
In the dreamless sleep of death!
There last seen the trumpet wave,
Plunged in war's magnanimous wave,
Fanning, gaining, losing,
Powerless 'mid the dead and dying!
Then last beam where plumes were spread
Unmoved on the noble head!
Then last beam where dreams of pride,
Built beneath the sable!
Then last heard the tones that sent
Homage to the mighty event!
While the quivering lips that blest,
Their last whispering of love,
Blanched beneath the spoil bread,
Wielded by the viewless hand,
That poise's war's fatal hand
Chieftain, glorious in their fall!

Charger of the darkest plain!
Hast thou perished in glory,
Still cancelled by the stain,
Treasach's hoofs would weave in story?
In those eyes wild depths I may
Catch thy spirit's lightning ray,
And that high, unbending brow
Speaks of many a glittering day,
Helm, and spear, and javelin
Crushed beneath the battle's tie,
Trampled, cantered, wildly strewn
Where they lost an hour before,
In their brilliant homage knelt,
Such as earth can ne'er restore.
Courser! in the fiery glare
May I read the soul of him,
Who, when wheeled the fiery foe,
Marshal his librator, feting dim,
Sink, while yet the clarion's swell
Hailed him victor while he fell.

Where is now thy spirit's power?
Failed will the battle's fire?
Fled the glory of the hour?
Gone the brama that round thee flew?
No; while yet the minstrel's string
May in tones of rapture fling,
Earthless, but victorious name!
Thine is still the meed of fame.

Kingstree, S. C. 1845.

Original Tales.

THE SLANDERER'S VICTIM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. AUSTIN SPERRY.

> "Is there so pure as ice, so chaste as snow, thou shalt not 'scape calumny."—*Hamlet*

Upon the Jersey shore of the Delaware, opposite Philadelphia, in the village of Camden, stands a neat and pretty cottage, which, from the delightful retreat they afford from the hard and dusty streets of the city, the facility of communication by means of ferry boats constantly crossing and re-crossing the river, the excellence of the fish and oysters, and the variety of other luxuries procured by the publicans who keep them, are a great resort for all classes of the inhabitants of the populous city just named. In one of these cool cabins, one evening during the dog days of the year 18—, three young men were seated around a table, enjoying the refreshing fresh breeze from the river, after a ramble, evidently, from their dusty apparel and heated appearance, though the hat and coat investigations of the little borough. It would not take a stranger, who observed their dress and manners, long to conjecture, with much truth, that they were smart clerks from some of the commercial houses of the city, even if he did not chance to overhear their conversation, which ran upon the state of the market, the respective merits of foreign and domestic goods, and the prospect of trade for the approach ing season. They were interrupted in the recreation of these topics, by the appearance of a waiter, who, by an obsequious bow, intimated that he awaited their commands.

"Come, fellows, let's have something to drink—what will you have?"

This invitation issued from the lips of the youngest of the party, a slim, raknish, impertinent-looking youth, with sandy hair, grey eyes, a sciolish nose, and a Byron shirt-collar. His name, as he was soon to career it in church pews and other genteel places, was Barclay, or, as his companions usually abbreviated it, Buck Nevin.

"A port wine sang for me."

"And for me," were the responses of his companions.

"Two port wine sangaree's and a *gin toddy*," said Buck Nevin, and as the waiter withdrew to execute the order, he continued—"Gin toddy!—that's the drink for a gentleman, I say—none of your slops, indeed! You should call it decoction of logwood. Do you suppose you can get genuine port in this place—no! I say gin toddy—nobody knows what he is drinking then.

"But, remonstrated one of his friends, "you know I never drink anything stronger."

"Oh, for that matter," rejoined Buck, "port wine will intoxicate as well as gin, if you drink enough of it, and as to its effects upon the system, let me tell you, sirs, that six gin toddies would not do you half so much harm as one dose of that vile compound of bad liquor and dye-stuff which is palmed on you for port wine."

The buck waiter appeared with the drinks and our advocate of gin proceeded alternately to praise his toddy, and taste it till both his praise and his toddy were exhausted. Then observing that, while the glass of one of his companions was empty, that of the other remained untouch ed and its owner gazing, with a heightened eye and excited fondness at some object across the garden, he exclaimed—

"Why, Lyons, what's in the wind now?"

"I should like to know who that beautiful girl is," replied he who was thus addressed, directing attention to a young woman of very fascinating appearance, who, seated upon a bench, at some distance from them, was watching with a smile the playful movements of a little child that was with her.

"She is beautiful," rejoined Nevin; "and it's a pity that's all can be said in her favor."

"You know her, then?" asked Lyons.

"By repute only. She is the daughter of a crippled widow in Southwark, whom, it is said, she supports with her needle. She is, in fact, by less objectionable means. She has a lover, a young lawyer, up town, who supports her."

In that sad "I should say," then I'll make her acquaintance." And seeing the subject of their remarks rise to quit the garden, he absolutely took leave of his companions, and followed her. Fortune favored his design. He reached the ferry-ship simultaneously with the pretty sewing girl, and as the boat was just putting off, an opportunity was afforded him, by a little act of gallantry, to make the initiatory step towards the acquaintance-ship he contemplated. Taking the child in one arm, and extending a hand to the lady, he assisted her safely and gracefully aboard. While she is acknowledging the service with a smile of bewitching sweetness, and in tones soft, musical, and earnest with gratefulness, we will introduce the young gallant more particularly to the reader.

Tracy Lyons possessed a passable figure—tall and tolerably well proportioned. His features, in repose, exhibited nothing very attractive, but when aroused to animation, the dark eye lighted with excitement, and the mouth arched with its peculiar smile, their expression was irresistibly engaging; the very quickness of the transition from dullness to life, like sunlight suddenly streaming through a cloud, startled the observer into admiration. Employed in a large dry-goods establishment, at a liberal salary, he could afford to dress well. Possessing a discriminating taste, he dressed plainly and neatly. His age did not exceed twenty-three, yet he possessed an acute knowledge of the world, the more available that it sprang less from experience than intuition. He had, moreover, a great tongue, easy address, and the assurance of satan—qualities which had gained him the distinction of being the most expert of the drummers of country custom who frequented the city hotels. He could tread upon the toes of the stranger merchant upon whom he called to secure an order, flattering abilities, in a manner so apparently accidental, and then express a solicitude so earnest for the pain he occasioned, coupled with some appeal to his vanity so delicate, that the sufferer scarce knew whether to be indignant or grateful, at having his tenderest nerves touched by extremities.

Lyons was almost universally known in the city, and as the world is somewhat inclined to judge by that portion of it which his sphere embraced took the pains to know more of his views than his virtues. He was regarded as a gay, dashing young man of fast habits, and especially known as a leader in those orgies of a nature by no means to be named, which at each succeeding anniversary of the independence of the United States, were immediately preceded. The most charitable of her own sex shook their heads in mournful pity, while those whom they spoke of as the "descendants of the canaille," in lofty horror, consigned her to unmerited infamy. Innocent or guilty, she was doomed, like the flash in the bible, to expiate the sin of being in suspicious company.

The reader will then perceive the predicament in which the beautiful sewing girl was likely to be placed by the design which Tracy Lyons had formed of making her acquaintance. It must be stated, in justice to the latter, however, that exceptionable as was his moral character in general, he had his redeeming traits. He was guiltless of the sin of drunkenness, to which but too many of his companions, who boasted fairer reputations, were sadly addicted; and such was his respect for female virtue, that upon no consideration would he have knowingly insulted it. But Buck Nevin had given him a high character for gallantry, and he was, even a positively bad one; and the elegance of her apparel and the fact of her being alone, were the "necessary chaste," in lofty horror, consigned her to unmerited infamy. Innocent or guilty, she was doomed, like the flash in the bible, to expiate the sin of being in suspicious company.

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OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The ...ond of the Foreign News will be first struck with the tremendous feeling, which is now evinced, not merely in the Commercial, but in all other circles in England, by every fresh item of the every chance or appointed meeting. The question of the earl-laws enters into every public matter in Great Britain, not merely as a subject of fiercest grievance, or speculative opinion; but as a point of life and death—of starvation or—(not plenty)—between subsistence and the effects of the loaded existence by massive the position which they inherit from attention, who control the scarcity as merely so many head of stock, are at war with the interest of population, and with the absolute necessity that the supply of wholesome food should keep some semblance of pace with the number of mouths to be filled.

The tendency of the spirit of the present age is to the enfranchisement of the individual. The old manners of thought and habits of society—when society recognized no man below an Esquire—serve to rank the humble individual. He was then an atom of an army, or of a mountry—a unit, one of a returns, a gentlemen, the companion of the earlbe he invited. If suggested to, it was as one of a man—a any plan was suggested to the comfort or improvement. It was to each of the herd an educational exercise. As to any idea of taking any single individual of the community aspire by the land and teaching him that he was a man, with a man's duties to perform, and feelings to entertain, it never entered into the head of the "friends of the poor." The cardinal virtue, which the common people were taught, was to repress all ambition, and all desire to improve their state—to be "content with their condition," and eat black bread with thankfulness, while their betters lived on the fat of the land, which it was a sin to be poor to envy, desire, or so much as think of. If their black bread fell short, they were taught that it was the highest condescension, and benevolence, meeting their deepest praise and gratitude, if their superiors doled out their benefactions to keep soul and body together. All moral elevation was squared precisely to these circumstances and any effort at rising above these bars and landmarks was denounced as factious and wicked rebellion against the "order of Providence," as the titled and landed aristocracy impiously called the selfish and impudent assertions which promogenitare and inheritance had enslaved upon the civilized world.

As we rise above the serfs in the contemplation of the state of the world, we find the next rank having also its privileges and its limits. The same rules of conduct which were applied to the poor serfs were fitted to the Franklins, with the proper modifications. The same rule—to contract with their situation, and convinced that it is a sin and a wicked rebellion to desire to better it—ran through all ranks, with rules and exceptions adapting it to the different grades in the ladder.

Thus all mankind were arranged so as economically classify insects, and every proposition in relation to their condition or progress was made to affect classes and not individuals. Any attempt on one to set up the right of thinking for himself, was resisted and discouraged, as would be the effort of a soldier to break out of rank, and declare for individual liberty and responsibility. To keep up this state of things, so necessary to the continuance of monarchy and its kindred appendages, in the end of British respect for "time honored customs." To emerge from the thrall is the true end of all industrial effort now whether those who are struggling are aware of it or not.

Certain plain propositions are before the British mind. The first unbiased discovery of every honest and enlightened man, titled, or untitled, is as forces of these truths. Their soundness is unquestionable. Their good tendency for the race regarded as human beings, and not as slaves to an artificial society, structure is undeniable. But their effect upon the hereditary nine-and-a-half per cent of the Norman free-booters—is to sap and ruin it, by forcing its aboodizes with—the common weal, and the greatest good of the greatest number.

Perhaps what we have written is not intelligible. Well, if it is not, it is of no use to write more, and if we have succeeded in giving the reader a ring idea of what we mean, we have said enough. The facts and considerations which we have advanced will be found useful, as a key, in reviving the engagean in the Foreign News, and explaining the struggles of the European millions. Changes, removing the troublesome social sensations, to which we have alluded, must take place, and indeed are already in progress. The only course for those who live by the change, is to submit with a good grace. The people were not created merely as a human foundation, on which to rest thrones, palaces, and peerages, and the peerages are tending if not to the greatest boon which the American Revolution conferred upon the world—the great lesson which the history of the American Republic has taught, that INDIVIDUAL ENNOBLEMENT—title right, duty interest, and obligation of every man to think and act for himself, and the indissoluble connection of such abuses as the corn and other laws of England which reduce the mass into materials of which are formed the majority of the courts, and the pride of the aristocracy.

LATER FROM MEXICO.

We have dates from Vera Cruz to the 20th ult. and from the city of Mexico to the 15th ult., being nineteen days later anticipation. The papers contain an account of the inauguration of President Herrera, which took the oath of office in presence of both Houses of Congress, on the 15th ult. He pronounced a discourse on the occasion, but scarcely alludes to Texas, and does not look to war at any difference with the United States. He recommends good laws as essential to the existence of a government and the preservation of order and peace. He promises a rigid superintendence over the police, with a view of effecting a general feeling of security and of persuading that the just and rigid administration of the finances of the country, and especially in the equitable payment of the public debt, is a matter of any share of favor or protection, is announced as one of his most urgent desires. This branch of the Message leads the President to deplore the utter insufficiency of the revenues of the government, and gives him an opportunity to demand the prompt and energetic organization of the Permanent Militia as remedy the evil. All the powers of government are paralyzed for want of means. In pointing out particular evils from this source the President says:

> "The army cannot move, territory usurped, and revenue usurped, and the hope of recovering it being taken last; the commerce will be successively and gradually continued until it embraces the whole Republic and all the nations which trade with Mexico with no more elements of abundance and of greatness, will disappear from the conduct of independent nations."

Constitutional reform is urged. The security of the State in the hands of the people will be one of the most constant employments of the government. It will aim to preserve and to keep friendly relations with foreign powers, which will be necessarily and gradually continued until it embraces the whole Republic and all the nations which trade with Mexico with no more elements of abundance and of greatness, will disappear from the conduct of independent nations."

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"DOING" THE SPECULATORS.

On the 9th of September a violent thunder storm broke over Manchester, England, and among other the event, doing great damage especially to the line and Montreal railway, which were in the during season. About one third of the cargo in the warehouse was destroyed, and prices immediately rose in Europe. Intelligence to this effect was received, at to this circumstance, but before the news arrived. When that vessel put into Holmes Hole, last week, one of the passengers, who was acquainted with these facts, left her, and hastened to Boston, where he made large purchases of Malaga fruit in order, and, to the great astonishment of the holders, with and haggling for price. He then proceeded to New York, where he bought a whole cargo which had left Malaga prior to the storm. Dealers in the article were astonished at the extent and boldness of his purchases. But the next morning, when the Liverpool Britain arrived with her letters, his object was out. The "Yankee" passenger had "done" the regular trade.

This incident is one of an incident that happened during the great land speculations in Maine. An old farmer had come into Bangor with a load of wood, and was quietly disposing of it to the men, when two thorough-bred speculators entered, and seeing nobody present but what they thought a stupid countryman, proceeded to take out, in a way to certain country, and contrive on the adaptability of a specimen with the capability of the soil.

A navigable stream, said a fine country, would certainly be the county seat, &c., &c. They resolved accordingly to go and look at the land, and take out a bond for the land. By this time, the old farmer had finished his meal, and quietly hearing the cause, he listened—if all that followed is true—with a loss of $1000, and was overjoyed at the offer of $1,000. He pocketed the cash, signed the bond, and went home content with $1,000 in his pocket instead of $2,000, the price for which he sold his wood.

THE SLAVE SHACKLES.

Some time ago a paragraph appeared in the London Times, stating that 20,000 slave shackles had been found in the wreck of the American steamship, burnt at Gibraltar. A later paper reiterates the statement accordingly comes with more authority, as the editor declares that specimens of the shackles have been left at his office. The affair is explained by Mr. Washington Irving, and also by the New York Courier and Enquirer, and the explanation places the Times in no very honorable light. The Courier says:

> Vessels of war, upon leaving port, no matter under what circumstances, or upon what errand always go prepared for a state of war. They are always provided with the weapons for an enemy's conflict and with all the implements which such a conflict and its results may demand. Hence there have always been prepared to secure the prisoners, whom she expects to take. This is a regulation which, we feel safe in saying prevails in every navy in the world. It has always obtained in the British navy, and their books of allowance as well as ours, designate the provision in this respect made for each class of their vessels. In the American service the complement of irons for a ship of the line is 200 hand bar shackles and 100 letters, or leg irons; the complement for a frigate is 150 of the size of the Missouri, which carries a guns and 3 swivels mounted, and was rated for 50 to 150 letters and leg irons. And the fact that the complement for a frigate is greater than the complement for a ship of the line notwithstanding its size, number of men, &c., are less shows clearly that the object was not mainly to be used upon the crew in case of a mutiny, but principally upon the enemy. It is supposed a steam frigate like the Missouri will take more than a ship of the line. Hence the Missouri is provided with her complement of irons as related with the other arms and munitions of war. And these are the irons that have been taken from her wreck.

A RICH BEGGAR.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce tells a story of an old man who died last summer in Paris at the advanced age of ninety-seven, and in a perfect sense. He came to Paris ancien-poor; by his son, about three years since, in the most affectionate state of poverty. He was accordingly put into the charity of their neighbors for subsistence, and were in the daily habit of begging from door to door for something to support him. One of the neighbors, having missed seeing the old man for a few days, went in search of him, and found him dead, breathing his last on a miserable bed, in a state of every necessary. He was in fact in a state of starvation—in the centre of the richest city in the world—having died from sheer want. The neighbor, who had known the old man for more than two days and that he had not a sous to buy a loaf of bread. Observing near the room a large iron-bound chest, he inquired what it contained. The son replied that his father had told him it was full of rags. He then proposed opening it, and having procured a key, they opened it, but what was their astonishment on finding it filled with gold pieces and bars of Louis XVI.) instead of rags, amounting in all to one hundred and fifty thousand francs, ($30,000.) It was supposed the old man had been for many months in the habit of begging. His son became almost insane on the receipt of this fortune, but he amply rewarded the neighbor who had assisted him.

HEROIC GIRLS.

Two young men were drowned at Springfield, Mass., on Sunday week. The Worcester Transcript in relating the affair, speaks then of the heroism displayed by two young ladies. It seems that the two young men who sought the Ferry Ferry, crossed the river in a small skiff for some fast passengers on the Springfield side. He took a passenger and attempted to return. The wind was blowing hard and the waves ran high, which caused the boat to swamp. Three of the men attempted to swim ashore, but one only succeeded in reaching it while the other two, Lester Osborne and Homer Bowen, exhausted with the sight of the boat, which they had left, sank to rise no more. The young men clung to the skiff,

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ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida.
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WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
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As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription money to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law we think proper to give the following rule, which is the regulation under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master whom the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person depositing it, stating the name of the person by whom the money is deposited, and the name of the person, paying the same, and the newspapers or magazine for which it is paid, and the name of the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master must forward the receipt to the Publisher who is authorized to frank said letter, but he may frank the letter containing the acknowledgment of the deposit of money, to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

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Wm. Brown, P. M.
Accounts with Governments, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit the sum of money they wish to pay in payment of subscription to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for November*, is in most respects a very excellent number, and equal to that splendid issue. There are three illustrations, or it which, the "Daughter of Israel," is an engraving on steel, from a painting by Sully, and is Mr. Peterson's principal—it moreover illustrates a thrilling story of the Spanish Inquisition. The others are "Fanny Ellsler" and "Spencer." The Fashion Plate is also superb, and worth the price of the number alone. The literature of the Lady's Table—that for next year, no matter what may be its merits, will be found in connection with the *primary* or the *fashion department*. The original contributors are all good. The domestic story by Mrs. Ellet is one of the best we have seen, and worth the subscription price. So also is a poem by Miss Lawson, entitled "An Feadhan o'Gleann Cuan," which for true pathos and nice speaks in warm eulogy of this number. We copy a notice of it, to-day.

This is the magazine for eminence and distinction, for and genius. Its publishers are enterprising, and the National Magazine holds its steady course with the best, and commands the confidence of the public. It is well conducted, and by the interest which its editor, and the corps of writers gathered to his aid, it must continue to stand the numbers as they successively appear. It is not necessary to speak of the life of the editor, for his reputation is that of a popular general writer, and his name is a passport to favor. The publishers have been fortunate in the engravings which have appeared in the Lady's Book, and the present number is not behind with its predecessors. The title page is tastefully designed and colored.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY, THE RIGHTS OF RAILROAD MANUFACTURERS, &c. *Parrott & Co.* The first is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the duties of the District Attorney in regard to the rights of Railroad Manufacturers, &c. The second is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the duties of the District Attorney in regard to the rights of Railroad Manufacturers, &c. The third is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the duties of the District Attorney in regard to the rights of Railroad Manufacturers, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WASHINGTON. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Washington, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JEFFERSON. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Jefferson, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JACKSON. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Jackson, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF VAN BUREN. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Van Buren, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HARRISON. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Harrison, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF TYLER. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Tyler, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF POLK. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Polk, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF TAYLOR. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Taylor, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF FILLMORE. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Fillmore, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PIERCE. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Pierce, &c.

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THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GARFIELD. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Garfield, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ARTHUR. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Arthur, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CLEVELAND. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Cleveland, &c.

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THE LIFE AND TIMES OF EISENHOWER. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Eisenhower, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF KENNEDY. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Kennedy, &c.

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THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CARTER. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Carter, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF REAGAN. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Reagan, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF BUSH. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Bush, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CLINTON. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Clinton, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF OBAMA. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Obama, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF TRUMP. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Trump, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF BIDEN. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Biden, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HARRIS. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Harris, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF VANCE. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Vance, &c.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WALZ. *Parrott & Co.* This is a collection of some articles from the Lancaster Intelligencer, in regard to the life and times of Walz

Selected Poetry.

THE KNIGHTE AND THE TAYLZEOUR'S DAUGHTER.

BY RUM GAELTHER.

Did you ever hear the story—
Old the legend is and hoary—
How a knyghte of fame and glory
Wedded with a taylzeour's daughter?

Armed purest and endowed with bravery,
Pledged his sword and eatcost gay;
Into down come-hope to avoid a traitor of Hate and stitched the foe-long day?

"Taylzeour" not one of the clothing
Does my breeches' pocket hold,
I've my pie coolly store
If I only had the gold.
Farmers can I encounter,
Gousiers there are none to bill;
Thresher, grubber, grubber, plowsher,
Rather not shovel thy bill."

Cloud Sir Knyghte, just once too often
Have you tried that slippery trick?
Hearts like mine you cannot harness,
Vainly do you set for tick.
Customers are hale and roaring,
Soon will they be screaming,
Whether I sew or sit, or run, or,
Whether I'm ill, my son, or,
I expect you'll just die fit.

"Mark, Sir Knyghte, that glowery heyfire,
In the hearth-place's centre set;
Before you into jail, I
You don't certainly stride down."
Deeply swore the young crusader,
But the damsel would not hear;
And the gloomy, bearded bailiffe
Encompass they crooking near.

"Neither gone nor removed,
Here I go, are and to stay,
And I'd feel extremely seedy,
Languishing in the dismal dungeon,
Therefore listen, ruthless taylzeour,
Take my word and winter true,
Prove them at the Hebrew author,
And I'll work the rest for spree."

Lightly leaped he on the sheep-board,
Lightly crooked his manly limb,
Lightly drave the glancing needle
Through the greenish velveteen's rim.
Gabardines, in rapid succession,
Lined with the finest lambkin repair;
And certainly on credit
And on clothage lived he there.

Once his weary tub beguiling
Sang he blithely at his board,
The point brighter ever riles of broad-cloth
Drove the blazing goose along;
From her lofty station wonder
Looked the nephew's daughter down,
And she instantly discovered
That her heart was not her own.

"Count thou love not, gentle stranger?"
Blushing like a rose she stood—
And the knyghte to once admired
That her rather thought he could
He who wrote me stud have come for,
Gaul, and land and heroes free;
"For a single pair of eye-balls,
I would resign the world with these."

Then she flung him down the lichens—
Well the knyghte their import knew—
"Take the gold-piece," cried the fair,
From the pocket of her apron,
"Buy a garments mens and lewis;
Then will the world with me,
Only as a belted warrior,
Because, will I wed with thee!"

At the feast of good Saint Alban,
In the middle of the Spring,
There was cruser reporter jesting
By the order of the king,
Valiant knyghtes!" exclaimed the monarch,
"You all work me not for spree!
He who hears himself sore bravely,
Shall wed my daughter's hand.

Well and bravely did they hear them,
Bravery lustier, cost self all,
But the bravest in the tourney
Was a warrior stern to sell;
None could tell his true or lineage,
None could merit him in the field,
And a grave reporter prayed
Himself upon his knave shield.

Warrior, then last was our daughter!
But the champion lowered his head
"Princely blood mix not," he stated
"With the blood of the base one,
She I love is bread and butter;
But her heart is high and frank;
And there must be its forthcoming,
That will do as well as rank."

Hoary rose the emperor warrior,
Nearly turned his corps aside,
Passed the lustier where the princess
Sate in beauty and in pride
Passed the row of noble fathers,
Held him to an humbler seat,
And in silence laid the chaplet
At the taylzeour's daughter's feet.

From the Magazines.

KATE BRADY;
A Romance of Ancient Sunbury

BY H. C.

CHAPTER I.

On the eastern bank of the Susquehanna, at the confluence of the north and west branches of that beautiful river, stood Fort Augusta, and at the time of which we are writing one of the frontier forts of the country. It was then, most of the military posts of that day, and was garrisoned by troops on the first intimation of the Indian's offensive. The entire surrounding it was then totally settled, and the inhabitants were daily exposed to the ravages of the Indians. On all occasions of alarm, they fled to the fort for protection, leaving their cabins a prey to the savages, who always retreated in the wilds of the mountains after their depredations, and troubled the settlers not again until such a time had elapsed as to lull them into security. About a mile below the fort, and on the same side of the river, was situated the town of Sunbury, then composed of two or three log cabins. The inhabitants were consequently averse for the attack of Indians on account of their proximity to Fort Augusta. They gave themselves no uneasiness on account of their families while they were absent, and scarcely ever thought of an Indian enter their minds. The energy when their sympathy was awakened by the fatal glance of the evening sky as it glazed over the burning house of the slaughtered family of some unhappy settler.

On a beautiful evening in September, just before the sun retired behind the glowing mountains of the west a young girl emerged from the low doorway of a solitary log cabin on the bank of the river, and seemed a picture of joy that reflected the evening sunset on the waters of the Susquehanna. She wore a closely fitting bodice, the upper part of which was had flowed over her neck and shoulders, long curls glistening like sunbeams in the soft night that wandered along the river bank, stooping here and there to pull the wild flowers that garnished the sweet, until she reached the spot where the low strung a pine sweet, and took more and by which flowers, formed an inviting resting place. Here she seated herself in a meditating mood her last began to weave a wreath from the flowers she had gathered. So deeply was she occupied that she did not perceive the approach of a youth habited in the lieutenant's uniform or colonial troops, nor ought have been twenty and was of a manly and handsome face. His dark curling hair shaded a handsome brow, but an expression of firmness to those of his age, was increased by the slight but petty moustache that rested on his lip. As he stood now gazing upon the lovely being before him, his eyes wandering from her figure to her unconfined flowers, to her sunny brow and finely marked features, were a picture of admiration. But then as he came sudden thought had crossed his brain, his face assumed an expression of triumph, and in spite of efforts, a deep sigh escaped from his bosom, that caused the lovely maiden to look up from her task. A feet like the graceful fawn, at the tongue of the deep-confided blushed.

"Oh Harry! have you did startle me so," exclaimed as soon as she could recover herself, and her face glowed with coloring like the morn-cloud when the morning sun fought them with its earliest breath.

"You must pardon me Kate, for not apprising you of my approach, but I could not find it in my heart to disturb a creature that must have been delightful, and I have spied such a picture of innocence over your face. But come back to your mountain-cabin! and perhaps you will permit me to partake of the pleasures your thoughts seemed giving you. Harry Brady turned and walked back the trembling girl to the rustic entrance, and seating himself by her side, he offered another interval remark, which ended in a deeper sigh than the one that had escaped him, and which continued on a minute before.

"What the world is the matter with you, Harry; you, who are always so merry, have been sighing here as a love-sick maiden would do. Come, you trained just now to know my thoughts, but now I will not know yours, unless you let your calm stormed fire or your favorite hound lost his appetite, that your spirits are so sadly depressed."

Though Kate Brady read this in a playful manner, either from fear or some other cause, or some other cause, she perceived a half suppressed sigh to accompany the remark, and a tear that had just said. These reciprocal sighs produced an interval of silence, a painful silence which neither knew how to break, or rather, both were afraid to trust themselves to speak, for fear of expressing the very sympathies that had interrupted their previous conversation. Kate had engaged to wed Harry Brady, and Harry took Kate's soft hand within his own, and said, "Kate you must love me, or you never have fastened at this spot where I have enjoyed so many happy hours. I am ordered to Philadelphia, and I expect to be ordered to Philadelphia, and I may be sent to England on the service of my country. Will you, Kate, when the orrow separates us? Long have I cherished the fond hope that you would be my wife, but now that all I fear to tell my love for my bright vision of happiness should be lost forever. You will love me, Kate, as long as I am absent?" And even as her slender waist he drew her towards him, and pressing her to his breast, felt her heart in the thrilling kiss of love, and their pulses beat with wild, rapturous delight, as their throbbing bosoms pressed each other, till there seemed to be but one heart bounding in both. The period drew at last a first kiss had scarcely evaporated from their lips, when the sharp tramp of a foot-sterling broke the stillness of the wood, and no answer stirring. Hunter had cap which was fastened under his chin by leather cap, protruded from on the sunny carpet of the river bank. Bounding from her bashing-place

behind a fallen pine, came a giant Indian, hideous in all the paint of the war path. In a moment Harry was on his feet, and on the Indian at the same time. A struggle for life ensued. Will it. Without a moment's pause, he dealt his blows upon his antagonist, but with the skill of an experienced warrior, the Indian warded them off with his long knife, and slowly retreated, followed by the chieftain of the forest. Kate, who at first sank to the ground in fear, now stood watching the combatants with an involuntarily following each cut and parry. Although her love had previously called her to fly, she remained chained to the spot, unable even to turn her eyes from the bright blades as they crossed against each other successively. Suddenly the assailant was seen to stagger as if struck by a blow, and was upon the ground, he could not parry, and running his a sword that he could use his sword. Harry, and bore around it, sprung like a tiger upon his victim, and his eyes gazing on the lover as he descended with the dreadful sight, and the bright gleam of the knife and the fiend and strong glare of those hideous orbs, told her the victory of death was certain.

Hunter, who had been severely stunned by the fall, now raised himself on his feet. The blow from the scalp of the savage spot by the tomahawk, and Kate bending over him with her sympathies all configured by pain, he at once perceived the wound that had taken place. He raised himself to his feet by help of a neighboring tree, but the stroke of the knife although its deadly effect had been warded off, had inflicted a severe wound, and he was unable to speak above his breath. Laying his arm in the shoulder of a cool spot that pushed from the bank of the river, he soon reduced the inflammation, and the wound was rendered by the tonic influence of the water. While Kate washed the blood from her face, he examined the body of the savage. The paint showed that he belonged to the Shawanese tribe, and his tomahawk and knife, small but strong bow, a few arrows, a tomahawk and knife, plainly convinced that he was a runner sent to scout the country. As his pouch was empty, Hunter concluded that the object of his search he had obtained, and had returned. Having made the longed could not be far distant. And as the observations, he returned to Kate, who stood among shades of evening were falling, they returned along the sand at the water's edge, lest they should fall in with other savages. Just as they were taking in the neighborhood. When he had seen Kate safely lodged in her father's house he was received by the icon